

Daily Eagle

H. M. HURLOCK, Editor.

Ancient Rennes in a Modern Farce.

As a pretended judicial performance the Dreyfus trial is bewildering. As a legal proceeding it is the worst mix of record. Everybody connected with the investigation, save the prisoner at the bar, is being formally arraigned and prosecuted. The witnesses do not tell what they know about the Dreyfus case, but what they believe about the other fellow, who is thereupon permitted by the presiding judge to "confront," which seems simply to be an official permit to call the other witness a liar without proving it. It is better than a circus the way the distinguished army officials and civil officers of former French administrations make each other out as liars, traitors and scoundrels. Should guels result in all the cases of insult, and the weapons be wielded expertly, there would be numerous vacancies in the French army. The judge in this proceeding is the prosecuting attorney, who makes suggestions instead of delivering opinions, and the witnesses instead of testifying to facts, make speeches in support of their preconceived theories. Everybody, according to everybody else, is prejudiced and wholly untrustworthy. There has not been a scintilla of proof of Dreyfus' guilt, or that he ever did anything out of the way. The original prosecution hinged wholly upon the incident that his name commenced with the initial letter "D." As for the rest, what was not forgotten related to matters entirely foreign to the life and acts of the accused. It is about all what Schneider should have said of Schwartzkoppen and Panizzardi; what Paty de Clam and General Roget were up to, and why the conspirators committed suicide instead of imitating the example of Esterhazy by running away, in all of which Dreyfus does not seem to have had the remotest connection other than he being a Jew he was deemed a suitable victim for vicarious sacrifice.

And all this farce and folly, all this shame and humiliation, in the old capital of Brittany, in almost forgotten Rennes, whose streets in centuries long gone were trod by Roman and Gaul, Norman and Frank, which during the Middle Ages was grand, beautiful and fortified, the birthplace of Le Sage, Chateaubrand and Renan, a city whose history, its civilization and its court scenes go back two thousand years or more, but surviving time, generations of men and their governments only in the last hours of the nineteenth century to attract to herself the attention of the world through a farce, yet a farce which may prove a tragedy for France.

But Grover Cleveland Says Nothing.

What a portentous episode broods over the classical precincts of Princeton, where resides that sage of shadows who was wont to predict and regret by turns, to "view with alarm" and prophesy disaster should the political control of this country ever fall into the hands of the protective party of tariff robbers. Is it that it is no longer the same country, that the flag now not only floats where he hailed it down, but in Porto Rico, in Cuba and in the far-away archipelago of the Yellow Sea, or is it that the fish have ceased to bite or ducks to fly? What is it that holds the tongue of Grover the Great at a time when Bryan and his Pop party congressmen are protesting against colonial greed, and the policy of expansion, the while denouncing the gluttonous trusts of the land? Is it that in the latter Brother Bryan is pinching the toes of the silent sage, or is it the downright disgust of despair? Does he dread hearing that Aguinaldo has moved his capital for the last time and has surrendered, or is it that he fears the possibility of the election of a free silver president and the abandonment of the tangible windings of the war? Our ex-president, who cannot remain with us always, should speak and not permit his people to burst in ignorance of his convictions and wishes where so much is involved. Nor should Grover the Great be left to conclude that his people have it in for him because he settled in a state of wicked combines. New Jersey, barring her wicked mosquitoes and more wicked trusts, is a handy locality in which to live, and maybe to die, if not so easy to reach heaven from, is yet easier to reach New York. Hill, his ancient friend, is but an innocuous desuetude," and Kroker, the Boss of Tammany, has endorsed the champion of 16 to 1, and the time seems ripe, indeed, for the sage of Democracy to break the brooding silence of classical Princeton with speech.

The Hired Girl or No Wife.

The ideal home of the American man is a home in which there are no hired help; no hired girl passing as a cook; no second girl, stable boy or other back door clutter. But there are few such ideal homes in these aping times, and the consequence is that a greater number of men of sentiment and sense are continually steering clear of matrimony and its hired-girl racket. More and more the average American girl is found unfitted for either wifehood or motherhood. Not knowing how to keep house, they even cannot direct their hired help, and the young husband with an old-fashioned love of a mother finds too late that in snarling instead of bettering his chances in the struggle for a competence he has hopelessly loaded himself down. The hired girl is about the only chance for a helpful wife, however. A good, bright, cheerful and intelligent kitchen girl, so-called, is worth a dozen average school girls, fashion butterflies or even stenographers, typewriters and saleswomen, when it comes to real wifehood or motherhood. Ed. Howe, the editor-philosopher of the Kansas press, in referring to the hired girl strike in Chicago, bundles in some cynicism with a whole lot of good sense in the following observations:

"There are 50,000 kitchen girls in Chicago out on a strike for higher wages, and the people are realizing the fact that American women can't cook and are helpless without a servant. This condition doesn't apply to the wealthy only; every \$50 a month bookkeeper pays a hired girl wages. He has to, in order to get something cooked three times a day. The situation is one to make men more thoughtful. Why should they marry for a home, when they can live cheaper, better and avoid the discomforts of the average home, by remaining single and boarding? What advantage is it to send a girl off to college to study Latin, who marries a fit man, and can't cook a griddle cake for him? This 'higher education' is becoming dangerous. Either girls must be taken out of school, or the men will have to do the cooking."

Prosperity Hard on Politicians.

Republicans are counting on heavy gains throughout the west. The prosperity that has come to the people is liable to beat Bryan out of his own state. The Republicans up there are very confident, if they can get a popular man to head their ticket. The farmers of the state are said to have discovered that free coinage is not all that the Bryanites have claimed. As one newspaper says,

they are now convinced that legislation can be of little use to them in years of drought, or of little harm in years of plenty. Furthermore, everybody is prosperous in Nebraska now, and it is believed the Bryanites will find it difficult to induce the farmers to attend meetings. That the Democrats are alarmed is evidenced by the fact that Bryan has consented to stump Nebraska and that "Coin" Harvey is now on a lecturing tour in the state endeavoring to raise a fund which is to be added to the ten thousand dollars promised by the national committee.

Characteristic of Funston.

The Ohio State Journal after interviewing a member of the engineer corps, concludes that General Fred Funston, the Kansas boy, can be original even while in a semi-comatose state. It was before the battle of Calocogan. He had had no sleep for two days and was in bad shape. He therefore rolled himself up in some leaves and went to sleep. Meantime, the division received orders to advance, but Funston could not be found. Many scouts had been killed, and it was feared that the colonel's cowardice—for he was a colonel then—had led him into trouble. Presently, however, a glimpse was caught of his red hair in the tangle, and later they found him shrouded in leaves. As this is the way bodies are prepared for burial in that part of the world, they got more and more apprehensive with each step, until, at length, some one shouted: "Colonel, are you dead or alive?" "Neither," grunted the colonel, as he rolled over for another nap; "I'm sleeping."

Art Sales and Good Times.

At the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy in London many of the pictures were purchased this year by Americans, another indication of good times. The total price paid for new works was not less than \$105,000. This sum does not include the many costly portraits painted on commission, or any other works done to order. At the rate artists are supposed to live, these sales would care for a hundred of them for an entire year; but the money was not distributed in that way, of course. One picture sold for \$7,500, and another fortunate artist received \$5,000 for one of his paintings. The number of exhibitors who did not get a cent for their pains and trouble was depressingly large, as usual. But their ill fortune will not stop the eager pursuit of the great prizes of art by a multitude of its votaries.

Andrew Johnson on Flag Haters.

The Cincinnati Times-Star recalls the memorable words of Old Hickory, the father of modern Democracy, which it quotes in connection with suggestive observations. "By the eternal," said Andrew Jackson, "these nullifiers and flag-haters, these crosses between the black-legs and the Puritans, ought to be hung as high as Haman, sir, as high as Haman!" The frangible old gentleman would probably have worked himself into a rare fit of temper were he alive today to witness the manner in which Bryan attempts to have the flag he fought for hauled down in disgrace. "Old Hickory" was a lover of the flag. One of its staunchest upholders, he was a believer in expansion, advocating the annexation of Florida, of which he was the first governor, and of Texas. Still the Bryanites dare call themselves the followers of Jackson.

How are You Going to Write It?

The abbreviated designation of the year 1900 has just been the subject of consideration in the judicial and postal departments at Berlin. According to the present method, the abbreviation would be "00." The judicial department has decided, and instructed the courts accordingly, that such an abbreviation will not be permissible. The whole figure, therefore, will have to be written out. The postal department, however, while concurring in this opinion so far as documents or records are concerned, believes that for ordinary mail matter and money orders this abbreviation may be well employed, as the use of the four figures (1900) would require the expensive alteration of all the stamping apparatus throughout the empire.

The Fraternal Organization in America.

Fraternity statistics show that the Odd Fellows lack only a few thousands of a million members in this country and Canada. The Masons are nearly 900,000 strong. There are close to 500,000 Knights of Pythias in the United States and the Dominion. The Ancient Order of United Workmen, the Modern Woodmen of America, and the Order of Macon, all range between 225,000 and 275,000 in membership. From these treat figures fraternal and benevolent organizations grade down to a large number of small orders and societies. The total membership of such organizations in the United States and British America is about five and a half millions.

Liquid Air in Practical Use.

One of the first practical experiments in the use of liquid air is to be made by the Fay Fruit company of Los Angeles, Cal., which has made arrangements with Mr. Tripler for the erection of a liquid air plant in Los Angeles, and expects to use the product in place of ice for keeping fruit cool while in transit. It is said that Mr. Tripler has devised regulating apparatus to control the temperature in the car perfectly.

Colonel Piquart is one of the bravest men in the world. He it was who took Dreyfus' part when the whole world was against him. And in giving his evidence Piquart treated old Jouanet just as he deserved—with contempt.

Walter Wellman has discovered many new islands in the far north. The trouble is that by the time some one goes up there to confirm his report the islands will have melted or floated off into the next township.

Roosevelt announces that he will not be a candidate for the vice-presidential nomination under any consideration. Roosevelt believes he belongs to the Amalgamated Order of Ice Cutters.

If Dreyfus is convicted Germany will come forward with disclosures, probably not the name of the spy, but the fact that Germany had a spy in France, and his name was not Dreyfus.

Edward Atkinson says it will be necessary to have a draft to get an army sufficient to subdue the Philippines. Atkinson should take his liver out and discipline it.

With the aid of a sweeping and unpopular draft the Democratic party once made a campaign on hauling down the flag. And even then the flag stayed up.

Walter Wellman was injured for life in an ice-quake in the far north. There is nothing in the far north, and it is strange that men will continue to assail it.

It is said that Root has quietly put Miles back in command of the army. How the secrecy of the reinstatement must gall the personified old plume.

No man can make pretensions to understand the Dreyfus case unless he can tell the difference between the secret boudoir and the secret dossier.

The general opinion of Madame Henry is that she is fat and greasy and has powder in her ears. The aesthetic French nation should hide her.

That confrontation scheme in French trials is all right. We wish we could have a trial and have Eagan and Miles confront each other.

If Dreyfus keeps on with "Yes, my colonel," he will be responsible for a world-wide suspicion that Jouanet is from Kentucky.

Promotion in the French army has formerly depended on rascality. A man could force his way to the front.

It is a wonder that the French army hasn't tried to make Dreyfus guilty of the crime of 1874, too.

In the contest of Wellman vs. the Pole the Pole came out winner again.

Only Two Weeks.

Herman Powers hurried along the street, his thoughts traveling even faster than he was doing. He was engaged to Margaret Leiland and had been for over a year. He was sure to love with her, and he considered himself a lucky man to have won her consent to marry him. She loved him, too, and, as is often the case with a good, pure woman, this love seemed to be almost wasting, and as for Herman he entered this devotion on her part exceedingly, as what man would not in like circumstances? But lately he had sometimes thought she was too demonstrative in her affections, a little too sentimental, in fact, and that in her great enjoyment of his company, perhaps she was a little selfish and took a good deal of his time away from his profession. Before he met her this law business had been his sole object of life, and he was that the first of his engagement was over, he did not exactly return to his first love, but was willing to divide his attention, and strange it would be, indeed, if his fiancée did not suffer in the dividing.

Just now he was about to take a short trip out of the state, and he was on his way to bid Margaret good-by. He had decided it would be all nonsense to have a scene over this first, and as for love letters, they would be entirely out of the question. "It would be Margaret's way to make a great fuss over our separation," he said to himself as he ran up the steps of the Leiland home and rang the bell. "But I shall be talking trips often, and there is no need of being fussy. We must begin as we can hold out."

He is relieved as he enters the drawing-room that there are guests present and he is not, like most of his friends, alone. He is not likely to see his sweetheart alone, and with it all is a vague sense of disappointment, too. He talks with her, with her mother and brother, and with the friends they are entertaining, and he is almost to be agreeable and to keep the conversation on general topics, and when at the end of an hour he rises to go and announces his departure from the city on the morrow, he is convinced that he had avoided the thing he dreaded, and in a diplomatic kind of way, too. Margaret had perhaps grown a little white when he spoke of his trip, but she said nothing. It was only when he left the room that she followed him and put her arm around his neck.

"I don't like to have you leave me, darling," she whispered coaxingly. "Is it necessary?"

"The reply came rather shortly. 'Why, of course. Do you suppose I would go if it wasn't? Come, Margaret, don't be silly.'"

She withdrew her arm immediately, but her face dropped with disappointment and her lips trembled. Her lover moved uneasily, but he recovered himself at once. "You will write me every day? It will be such a comfort to me when you are not here to know just where you are, and what you are doing?"

"Oh, no, my dear. I shall not have time to do that. I shall be rushing from one place to another, and it would not pay to display so much sentiment for just two weeks."

"For just two weeks," she repeated mechanically, and with an effort. "At all events give me an address where mail would reach you. Something might happen; I might want you. Something tells me I shall want to send for you."

"You don't like me, do you?" she would write me twice a day and it would interfere with my business affairs and take my mind off my duties. 'No mail for me this trip! Why, I am not even leaving my address at my hotel. I shall endure it. I dare say it will be good for you. You will love me a great deal more when we are together again.'"

"That would be impossible," she quietly returned, and then she gave him her hand in parting. He avoided her eyes, the hurt look in them was more than he could bear, but he took the trembling hand in his, and stooped to kiss her. "Good-by, dear, take good care of yourself. Give me more kisses and I am gone. Remember, it's only two weeks."

Two weeks later the train is steaming into the city as fast as the big iron horse can carry it, but it cannot go too fast for the impatient Mr. Powers. The two weeks are over, the business trip is at an end and is successful, and now he wants to see Margaret, his love, his darling. He has thought of her day and night, he has bought her extravagant presents, he has done everything to please her except write to her, and he can hardly wait for his meeting with her. He gets his overcoat on, his grip in hand, he scorns the assistance of the porter, and before the train has fairly ceased its motion he steps down to the platform of the station. He sends a telegram to Margaret announcing his arrival, and then takes a cab to his hotel, giving the cabman an extra to hurry, so anxious he is to make the momentary change in his toilet and get to his fiancée. He fairly runs up the stairs to his room, and finds a note under the door. From her? No, from her brother.

My Dear Fellow: We are so sorry we haven't your address and cannot send for you. Margaret, of course, must know where you are, but for some reason she declines to tell us. Probably it is too spare you the pain of parting—Margaret is dying. She told me the day you left and the illness rapidly developed into pneumonia. The doctor gave us almost no hope from the beginning and tonight says we must expect the worst. He thinks she will hold out for a couple of days longer, and we are all hoping that some chance will bring you home before she goes. I send this to you by a hotel that may reach you the instant you arrive. Come to us at once if you would see Margaret alive. Very truly yours,

JACK LEILAND.

This letter was dated a week before—Boston Post.

St. Domingo's First Secret. President McKinley's trip to St. Domingo recalls the fate of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the first president of the island. L'Ouverture was born a slave, serving as a coachman for his master. When the blacks rose in rebellion in 1791 he first protected the flight of his master and then joined forces with the rebels. Later he went over to the Spanish and assisted them in defeating the French forces, which were fighting for the possession of the island. When it was reported that the French had decreed the freedom of the slaves he deserted to their standard, and at the head of the French forces won several battles both against the Spaniards and the blacks. He was finally made deputy governor general of the island, representing France. As soon as he secured sufficient power, however, he forced the French government general to leave the island. He then made a treaty with General Matignon, the commander of the English forces, by which he was recognized as king of St. Domingo, and England pledged herself to protect his title by keeping a fleet constantly in St. Domingo waters. Napoleon had, however, sent over a new army, which arrived in time to prevent the agreement with England being carried out. Toussaint L'Ouverture was finally seized by the French authorities and sent to France. There he was afterwards reported that he was harshly treated, dying of starvation in a dungeon.

See Nothing, Wait.

"This is my new business suit, papa," said the fair maid; "how do you think I'll look in it?" "Well, judging by the dimensions," responded her papa, "I think you'll look more out of it than in."

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The Oklahoma City Times-Journal has added a book library to its office.

The re-union at Jefferson is in full blast. It is much better than on previous occasions.

Silvers Dixon's grain train from St. Paul is meeting with no reception anywhere.

The Missouri Pacific, it is said, is not asleep and will soon swoop down on the territory.

The men in burgling the Grand Avenue bank at Oklahoma City, were assisted by a woman.

Buffalo grass in western Oklahoma is still green. This breaks the record for this time of year.

Clyde Mattox has waived preliminary examination. He was not granted bond, and will be tried in September.

It is said that in one county in Oklahoma the county commissioners allowed a sheriff \$2,000 a year for guarding the jail. It is going to be a terribly humiliating day to Oklahoma if she doesn't produce as high a constabulary as southern Kansas does.

The Perry Enterprise says that the hog buyers of that city formed a pool and hurt the market. An outsider, however, has appeared and broken the pool.

The scaffolding around the new cotton seed oil mill at Chandler gave way and Walter Meeks, a foreman, was thrown to the ground and his skull fractured. If any Republican official in Oklahoma and it is intimated that there are some, knocks free homes for the sake of hurting Dennis Flynn, he should be kicked on the spot.

That was a big slice of cement between the two territories that Governor Barnett placed when he opened the Oklahoma University to the young men of the Indian territory.

The story that a headless body had been found near Lexington proved to be a fake invented by a baseball player. Why should a baseball player waste the truth like that?

Some sharper is at work again trying to get up a fund from the farmers in the Strip to maintain a lobby at Washington for free homes. The farmer, when approached, should kick the solicitor off the farm.

Will Little says that the Dawes commission is progressing well. However, there are reasons to believe that if a small snail should move past that Dawes commission, it would take the commission's breath away.

A colored man at Perry knocked his son down. The son had his father arrested. He claimed he was 23 years old. The father proved that the boy was only 19 and the judge had to decide that the father had a right to whip his son, but recommended a blacksnake.

Miss Mabel Queen of Perry was riding a pony around the public square the other evening when an impromptu rough riding took place. The pony began to buck, but the young lady kept her seat with a grace that would have induced Buffalo Bill to have stolen her had he been present.

So far Hooper and King have been arrested in the headless case at Oklahoma City. The third man who left the wagon with them is supposed to be Elck. However, Willie Williams of Lexington says he was the third man who left the yard with the other two. It is by Williams that Hooper and King expect to prove an alibi.

Edith Ware: About a month ago Lee Haight was subpoenaed as a witness in the case of the Hart Manufacturing company, of Illinois, vs. W. E. Rulman of this city, to recover money on a mortgaged soda fountain. Haight failed to appear, hence, a warrant was issued for his arrest for contempt of court, but Lee could not be found. The Hart company's attorney, Barrister Percy Glaze, kept up a continual search for Haight, as he was the original purchaser of the soda fountain and an important witness for the plaintiffs. Glaze traced Haight to Chickasha and other points, but hearing that his witness would be in El Reno on a certain date, went down there and had Haight arrested. Deputy Sheriff Clark went to El Reno and brought the prisoner back yesterday morning. The court fined Lee \$5 and costs, making \$5.45 in all. Up to this writing Lee has not satisfied the court and is in the hands of the sheriff. Percy Glaze is getting to be an old plough hand detective of the most modern pattern.

Along the Kansas Nile.

There are in Kansas banks in individual deposit subject to check, \$3,612,033.33.

In Salina, the fourteen saloons gave one hundred dollars each to the street fair.

The Republicans of Rice county resolved that "we are a friend to protection and a foe to trusts."

This year in Kansas a patch of corn fifteen feet long and fifteen feet wide forms a perfect cube.

The corn crop of Jewell county will average 80 bushels for every man, woman and child in the county.

In his notes on facial beauty Johnny Higgins warns women that the use of dull scissors deforms the mouth.

Since the day of the first record in Kansas there has never been a time when Kansas was as green on August 19 as it is today.

Up to a late hour last night Mayor Neely of Leavenworth had been anxiously waiting the Leavenworth Times office with dynamite.

Of living Kansases Reverend Sheldon of Topeka is the best advertised. Hardly an eastern paper can be picked up that does not have a reference to him.

Governor Stanley wanted the other day to pass an order excluding buggies and wagons from the state house grounds, but the executive council would not agree to it.

Preston Merrill Plumb of Emporia has asked the district court to change the name to Preston B. Plumb, the same as that of his father, Senator Plumb, deceased.

A play is to be put on in Chicago in October called, "Hiram Walker of Kansas." It will attempt to portray former life in Kansas, of course it will do nothing of the kind.

Governor Stanley has clashed with his insurance commissioner, Church. Church doesn't believe the road agents should turn their collections into the state treasury. Governor Stanley says they shall.

The Kansas corn crop is greater than that of 1898. And at Gaylord, Kansas, in 1898, after all crabs and elevators were full, the surplus corn on the market was made \$6.00 a bushel.

Attorney General Godard says: "If any one in Kansas can point out one benefit the people would secure by my driving the Standard Oil company from Kansas, then I will go into the supreme court and ask that it be enjoined from transacting any further business in Kansas."

Grathues & Co. Percale Special

Every piece of yard-wide English Percale that is in the store goes in this sale. There are over 100 different patterns. We always sell them at 12 1/2c, but our big stock of new ones are now on the way. So as to have none left when these arrive we offer our present stock today at 9 1/2c a yard.

Another Surprise.

A Lot of ONE-HUNDRED-Piece Sets For

\$6.50

The Price, of course, is a Surprise, but the Greatest Surprise is the

Quality and Beauty

Of the goods. Come in and see them. It is a real comfort to look at them. By the way—the latest and newest designs in LAMPS are not on the market yet. When they do come I will tell you all about them. Meantime I have a fine real handsome old stock, bought at half price, which I will sell cheap.

J. E. CALDWELL.

132 N. Main.



I have always been strongly opposed to lending my name or influence to put before the people any medicine not in general use by the medical profession, believing that were nine-tenths of the so-called medicines now in use stricken out of existence mankind would be no wiser for the loss. For the past few years my wife, who is now sixty-two years of age, has suffered terribly from indigestion and could not take even a small amount of food in her stomach without causing distress, and the only relief she could get was from the use of bi-carbonate soda, which was only temporary. Last March I saw Ripans Tablets recommended so highly that I made up my mind to get some and unknown to my wife give them a thorough trial. Through a druggist I obtained a package of the Tablets and my wife continued using them. They were of full strength and acted too freely on the bowels. I then wrote and obtained some of the chocolate coated Tablets of half the strength and these acted like a charm. My wife is now herself again, can eat a good meal without the least distress and has discontinued taking Ripans Tablets. However, a good supply is kept on hand for fear the old enemy may again appear.

A new style suit consisting of a single-breasted jacket and a pair of trousers, with a new style of shirt and necktie, is offered for sale at a low price. The suit is made of the finest material and is guaranteed to be the best of its kind. The price is \$10.00, and the suit is offered for sale at a low price.

touches expansion in this way: "It is hereby resolved that the United States has a title to the Philippine Islands as a result of the Spanish-American war, and that a defense of our flag in the Philippines is a supreme duty of honor and necessity."

Harvey, Reno and McPherson county form one judicial district. Reno county has the judge seventeen years, McPherson four. Harvey county wanted a signed agreement before Simpson was nominated the other day that next time Harvey should have the judge. This was refused and Harvey county's delegation walked out of the convention.

John Henry Collins has written a book on prison life. He urges the granting of permission to smoke and the abolition of the lock-step, and says: "Whichever of these are met here who are where they should be; there may be some here who have been born here. On the other hand, there are unquestionably some men here who will make good citizens some day. The writer believes that the average convict leaves the prison a better man than he was when he entered there."

There will be some one killed in Leavenworth yet. The Times of yesterday morning has the following as a head line over a column article: "Mayor Neely's Saturday Night Maundie Drunk—Makes a Spectacle of Himself in Sam Kayer's Saloon. Starts Out Early in the Afternoon and Winds Up Late Last Night in a Hack—Was So Drunk When Taken From Wine Room He Had to Be Driven Around Town in a Hack to Partially Sober Up."

Being Starbuck tells how one railroad evades a Kansas law in this way: "The laws of the state of Kansas require that every railroad company doing business in

Kansas have three directors in the state and that the board of directors consist of nine members. To comply with the law the Grand Island road made Operator Grant Life, Freight Agent Robinson and former Agent Schaffer, directors of the road in Kansas, and the board holds a meeting in Minneapolis once every year. The directors from New York and St. Joseph come here in their private car about the middle of the day and 'enter with the directors here. The car stops in this city about an hour. During that time a box of cigars is passed around and a few remarks about the weather are exchanged by the president of the road and the six-called directors in this city. Then the five-called directors receive their yearly pay for services rendered the company. The pay is usually a \$5 gold-piece."

Ingalls is more and more crabbled for some reason. Recently Ingalls wrote a friend in Los Angeles, presumably Charles Scott, and good-naturedly poked fun at the physicians as a class. The Los Angeles Herald's paper, published the letter. Now Ingalls breaks out this way in the Atchison Globe: "Mr. Ingalls said to a Globe reporter today that his remarks about doctors were written in a personal, private, friendly letter, and were merely humorous exaggeration. He seemed very much vexed at their publicity, and said he did not understand upon what theory of honor any man could violate the confidence of correspondence, and give private letters to the newspapers, making trouble and annoyance for the writer, and doing so good to anybody. Mr. Ingalls said he could conceive that a gentleman might now and then pick a friend's pocket, or burgle his house, or, if necessary, murder him; but that he should deliberately publish the letters, appeared to him a very bad thing."